THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, November 21, 1803.

THE MARRIAGE:

A TALE FROM THE ITALIAN.

IN a ſmall town of Romagna, there was a man in good circumſtances, who had an only daughter, the ſole heireſs to all his property. Her age was near ſixteen; and beſide her being very rich, ſhe was alſo handſome, and endowed with thoſe accompliſhments that well educated and reſpectable young ladies are wont to poſſeſs; therefore ſhe was ſought in marriage by all the principal young men of the town. Her father perceived that the great expectations ariſing from her fortune, were the chief inducements for all the ſuitors; and none correſponded to his wiſhes either in character or temper. One was of an illuſtrious family which had fallen from its ſplendour through the imprudence of its anceſtors, and he wiſhed to reſtore it to its former luſtre by this marriage; but had learnt from his ideas of nobility, nothing but a vain pride, and a deteſtation of all occupation, as if idleneſs was the moſt brilliant quality that diſtinguiſhed a nobleman. Another had paſſed ſeveral years in the ſtudy of laws; but having been far from the eyes of his friends, he had made greater progreſs in vice and immorality from the bad examples he had been ſurrounded with, than in the ſtudies he had been ſent to purſue. Another, mad after the gaming-table, threw away whole days, and even part of his nights at his darling paſtime. Another, in love with his ſweet perſon, employed the greateſt part of the day at his toilet; and piquing himſelf in being the firſt to follow all the neweſt faſhions, he, with his affected inticements, and effeminate manners, aſpired to the conqueſt of thoſe vain girls that reſembled him. Another, by his hot and fiery temper, deſtroyed all hopes of the young lady's happineſs. And finally, one more, by his dulneſs and

ſtupidity was an object of contempt to his witty countrymen. Therefore, the wiſe father found in all thoſe gentlemen, faults too great to be compatible with the deſire which he had of procuring to his daughter real and permanent felicity.

Occupied with theſe thoughts, he called her to a ſerious converſation; and ſaid: "You well know, my dear daughter, that the ſole comfort of my old age is placed in you, and you likewiſe know, with what tender affection I love you. But the time approaches when you muſt chooſe a partner for life, and I muſt perhaps bear to ſee you taken from me, carried to another houſe, and become one of quite another family. In a choice, on which is to depend the happineſs or miſery of your whole life, Heaven forbid I ſhould imitate thoſe cruel unfeeling fathers who wiſh to tyrannize over the will of their children! The huſband who is to be united to you for life, ſhall be choſen by you. But as you ſee of what conſequence ſuch a choice is, I only require, in return for the love I bear you, that the experience I have acquired from age may aſſiſt you, who from your tender years cannot yet have acquired any, and that you may attend to my advice. The care I have had of you till now, and the retired life you have led, far from the communication and buſtle of the world, induce me to think that your heart is ſtill diſengaged. Yet I wiſh to know whether that is the caſe or not; and you muſt acquaint me with the truth, without reſerve, as I do not mean to controul your wiſhes, if they are directed to any one, but only to guide them."

His daughter having declared that her heart was ſtill free, and that ſhe would never depart from her beloved father's advice, he proceeded:—"You muſt then know that there are many who are deſirous of obtaining your hand; but of all thoſe who have applied to me for it, I ſee none that I either like or think proper for you. The precepts I have inſtilled in you, will, I flatter myſelf, prevent you from thinking to aſpire to a perſon that is more noble or more illuſtrious than yourſelf. A private citizen's daughter, as you are, you will not riſe from your ſtation in the leaſt, by the riches I am diſpoſed to leave you; and if you ſhould marry ſome nobleman, you would only gain this, that you could no longer live comfortably with your old friends, becauſe your huſband would not allow it, nor could you aſſociate with ladies of rank, who were born your ſuperiors, becauſe you would be rejected by them; or if tolerated, it would be with ſcorn and contempt. Between married people, equality of rank is indiſpenſable, or at leaſt as near as conveniently can be; the ſame may be ſaid of age and condition, in order to obtain happineſs; and yet that does not ſuffice. It is neceſſary to examine the character of the perſon you are going to be joined to in ſuch ſolemn bonds, and to whom you are to truſt your fortune and perſon for ever. A gambler, a rake, a brute, a knave,

a rogue,

a rogue, a miſer, or an idle fellow; an effeminate man, one given to ſloth or thoughtleſſneſs; a ſilly fellow, or a ſpendthrift, could make you paſs only ſad hours and unhappy days. Now of all thoſe young men I know here, who might aſpire to your hand, I cannot diſcover one that is not tainted with one or other of theſe faults. Hear then a thought of mine. I fancy it will be neceſſary for us to go to a larger town than this. There, among a great number of perſons, it will be eaſier to make a choice, and Heaven may, with greater facility, diſcover to you him who is to be the cauſe of your comfort and happineſs through life. And if Heaven ſhould ordain that your hand was to be the reward of the virtue of ſome one unjuſtly perſecuted by fortune, how happy ſhould I be, my dear daughter! Therefore you muſt not care whether your intended huſband is favoured by fortune or not: the great property which Heaven has beſtowed upon me, and which is ſoon to be your's, will be ſufficient for you as a citizen's daughter to live in comfort with your huſband, let him be who he will."

His daughter ſhedding a torrent of tears of tenderneſs, ſaid: —" If I am highly indebted to you, my father, for this life which I owe you, I am ſtill more ſo for your love, and for the care with which you have watched over my tender and unexperienced age. And to whom can I better truſt myſelf than to you? I therefore give myſelf entirely up to your guidance, care, and love. And if Heaven ſhould diſpoſe that your property is to become the reward of diſtreſſed virtue, what could I wiſh for more, but that he to whom it happened, ſhould never have occaſion to repent having acquired me at the ſame time? But I hope the more that he would not have occaſion to repent it, as by ſuch means it would be eaſier to prevail on him to come and live with you as a ſon, and I then ſhould never be deprived of the happineſs of your company, and the advantage of your counſels."

Her father felt a ſweet tranſport of lively joy; he embraced his daughter, and kiſſed her tenderly; then ſaid, " May Heaven keep you always in ſuch virtuous and noble ſentiments, my dear child, and you will always make your father as happy as you do now."—He then made every neceſſary preparation, and ſet out with her for Rome. As ſoon as he arrived there, he diligently began to look about for a perſon proper to be his daughter's huſband. After long and careful reſearches he ſaid to her, " I think I have found at leaſt one who may make you happy. The ſon of an attorney, who is famous for merit and integrity, and himſelf a prudent young man, who ſtudying his father's profeſſion, promiſes, by his application and talents, to equal him in reputation, is deſirous of obtaining your hand. It only remains to ſee whether he pleaſes you: I ſhall find means that you may ſee him, and from his converſation we ſhall then diſ-

cover his mind as well as the appearance of his perſon. But, my dear daughter, I muſt require a ſacrifice, which I promiſe myſelf to obtain from your virtuous diſpoſition. I have already told you that all my fortune ſhould belong to you ſome day: nor is there any perſon in the world to whom I have thought I could better leave it. But ſomething extraordinary that happened this morning, makes me wiſh that a part of it ſhould be given to another perſon. As I was this morning at the houſe of a banker, who is a friend of mine, I ſaw a young man, about twenty years of age, of a comely perſon, and genteel behaviour, who prepoſſeſſed me in his favour, and therefere I was induced to aſk the banker whether he was his ſon; he ſaid no, but that he was the ſon of a very honeſt merchant, whom I had known formerly here in Rome; but who had loſt, from ſevere misfortunes, all that he was worth in the world, and died through grief. He left a wife and this ſon, added the banker; and I have taken him as clerk in my houſe, that he may ſupport himſelf and his mother out of his gains. He therefore does all in his power for her; and as I never had a more attentive, clever, nor better behaved young man, I have lately increaſed his ſalary; but his good morals and many virtues deſerve a much better fortune. Affected at this account, I was aſhamed of myſelf for having neglected to viſit the mother, whom I had formerly been acquainted with, and whom I knew to be a very ſenſible and virtuous woman, therefore no longer delayed to fulfil that duty. On calling upon her I found her alone; and having made myſelf known to her, I turned the converſation upon her paſt events, and was on the point of ſhedding tears of tenderneſs, at finding with what reſignation ſhe bore her misfortunes, and with what ſentiments of gratitude ſhe bleſſed Heaven, for having left her ſo dutiful and beloved a ſon: after the loſs of her huſband and her fortune; he by his excellent behaviour compenſated all her ills.—I well know, my dear daughter, what would be the ſenſations of your grateful heart, ſhould we, if reduced to ſuch diſtreſs, find relief from the generoſity of ſome friend: and even without that thought, I firmly hope your beneficent heart would not ſuffer two ſuch virtuous perſons to be left in ſo unmerited and cruel a ſtate. I therefore think of employing a part of my fortune to their relief. You will ſtill have enough left; and if the young man I have propoſed to you ſhould ſeem to pleaſe you, as he is rich enough, you need not wiſh for more."

The daughter, affected at one part of this diſcourſe, and troubled at the other, anſwered:—"Your property, Sir, waits entirely your diſpoſal; and I do not think that a better opportunity can offer to employ what part of it you chooſe. But I am very ſorry that, if this young man is as virtuous as you deſcribe him, you do not think of beſtowing on him, rather than

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on any one elſe, all your fortune and me too. Yet I imagine that your intention was ſuch once. But perhaps you think now that your property would be ill beſtowed, if he were to have me alſo with it."

"Admirable and incomparable girl!" ſaid the father, "what thanks do I not owe to Heaven for having given thee to me, with ſuch virtuous ſentiments! Far from thinking that you could be a burden to him, I think you are the greateſt gift that could be made to the beſt young man living. But how could I have thought to propoſe you to marry a man in his ſituation? I muſt have ſtaid till you propoſed it yourſelf. You ſhall therefore ſee them both, and chooſe between them; for although the latter has not ſeen you yet, I do not doubt but he will think himſelf the happieſt of men if he obtains you in marriage. But that you may have no room to repent your choice, I wiſh you to ſee the other alſo, whom I ſhall have no objection to, ſhould you give him the preference."

The prudent father put his ſcheme in execution; he ſought an opportunity to introduce both the young men to the acquaintance of his daughter, that ſhe might diſcover their diſpoſitions from their converſation and demeanour. Although the attorney's ſon was found worthy of notice for ſeveral reaſons, the virtuous conduct of the young clerk was found deſerving preference; and with perfect ſatisfaction of both parties, the marriage was celebrated—than which a more joyful one was never ſeen, nor more permanent felicity known.

LOTTERY ANECDOTE.

A Merchant of much opulence, now reſiding in the city, whoſe name, from motives of delicacy, we do not wiſh to communicate, ſtands indebted for the whole of his property, reputation, and probably his very exiſtence, to one fortunate adventure in the lottery, meditated in the moments of peculiar embarraſſment, and executed as his *ne plus ultra*.

The favourite of fortune alluded to, was clerk to a reſpectable mercantile houſe near Lombard-ſtreet, in which ſituation his ſtrict attention to the intereſts of his employers, induced them to place implicit confidence in his integrity; he was entruſted with the management of all their out-door concerns; made bargains on the exchange; purchaſed ſtock with the money belonging to the firm; and was on all occaſions conſidered as a perſon of ſingular prudence and probity.

A love of company, however, induced him to join a party going to the watering places; he was out of town ſix weeks, in the progreſs of which he experienced the extortion practiſed by innkeepers and others, who levy contributions from travellers to

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ſo great an extent, that he found on his return to town, his own finances not only exhauſted, but alſo the greater proportion of a large ſum, the property of his employers, which he had received in truſt. Cool reflection, which told him his character was ruined, as he had diſhoneſtly made a chaſm in the property of others, which all his exertions could never fill up; diſgrace and infamy ſtared him in the face, and he became agitated by the moſt painful ſenſations, aggravated by hearing his conduct was ſuſpected.

In the moſt melancholy mood imaginable, he walked down Leadenhall-ſtreet, meditating a thouſand fruitleſs ſchemes to extricate himſelf, and had paſſed Duke's-place, when his ear caught the ſound, "Three fives;" on turning round he perceived a pair of Iſraelites, diſcuſſing their expectations in the lottery. "As God's my judge!" ſaid one of them, "I dreamed *three fives* was up a prize." *Three fives* re-echoed in the ear of our deſponding clerk, who inſtantly conceived an idea, at once bold and determined: it ſtruck him there yet remained a poſſibility of ſaving his falling reputation, by one grand *coup*, which was inſtantly reſolved on, He proceeded to an office in Cornhill, inquired if 555 had been diſpoſed of, was anſwered in the negative, and immediately purchaſed the whole ticket, with the remainder of the money belonging to the firm. On the day following he retired to an obſcure part of the town, ſent for a friend, to whom he imparted an account of his conduct, and expreſſed his intention to diſappear, and hide himſelf ever after from his connections on the moment he ſhould learn his ticket had proved unſucceſsful; on the contrary, if fortune befriended him, he would recover his good name, and refute the imputations his behaviour had incurred. The ſame evening he went by appointment to the gallery of Covent-garden theatre, where he was to await on each ſucceeding night for a week the arrival of a friend, with tidings of ſucceſs or future ruin. Fortune did not long keep him in ſuſpenſe; he had ſcarcely been ſeated before he heard from the diſcourſe of one of the ſpectators near him, that his ticket had been drawn, but whether blank or prize he could not learn. The doubt was quickly removed by the appearance of the perſon whom he expected to bring the intelligence, with the number poſted on his hat, drawn a prize of 2,000l. Our adventurer at firſt felt ſome difficulty to credit the report; but being at laſt convinced of his good fortune, he returned to his lodgings, and immediately wrote a letter to the proprietors of the houſe, with whom he was engaged, in a ſtyle of injured honeſty, complaining of the calumnies caſt on his character, in conſequence of which he ſtated his intention to decline ſerving them any longer; and ſtated a preciſe time to make up his accounts. On the day appointed, the inveſtigation took place; and his concerns appeared ſo fair, that his em-

ployers were ſorry they had entertained any ſuſpicions to his prejudice; made an apology for what had paſſed on their parts: and offered him an increaſe of ſalary, to remain in their ſervice. He accepted their propoſal, continued to conduct their buſineſs; and, ſome time back, was admitted a partner in the concern; ſince which he has accumulated a conſiderable fortune, keeps an elegant country ſeat; daſhes about in his curricle; lives in the greateſt ſplendour; and frequently relates this ſtory of his lottery ſucceſs to confidential friends.

Narrative of the late Rebellion in Ireland.

(Continued from Page 393.)

ON the 6th of June, the day after the battle of Roſs, perhaps as an immolation to the departed ſouls of romaniſts killed in that bloody encounter, ten men were ſelected for execution by a rebel guard ſent for that purpoſe from Enniſcorthy. Theſe victims were proteſtants from that unfortunate place; and thither they were conveyed back by the guard, and maſſacred. The difference in degree of reſentment ſhewn by the rebels to the loyaliſts of Enniſcorthy and Wexford may have ariſen from the different receptions which they had found at theſe two towns; the yeomen and volunteers of the former having fought with a valour fatal to many of the aſſailants, while the latter had ſurrendered without a ſtruggle, the poſt being abandoned by the army, whoſe retreat was notified by a deputation to the rebels. This diſtinction, however, could produce only a ſhort reſpite. A general ſlaughter of the priſoners, to which the townſmen of Wexford were adverſe, was twice attempted by one of the rebel leaders, whoſe name was Dixon, and of the worſt of characters, at the head of bands of peaſants. He was magnanimouſly oppoſed, firſt by one Hore, a butcher, and next by one Scallion, a nautical trader, the former with a ſword, the latter with a piſtol, defying him to ſingle combat, and inſiſting that he muſt *ſhew himſelf a man* before he ſhould dare to put defenceleſs men to death.

Dixon, however, relinquiſhed not his bloody deſign, and at length, on the 20th of June, commenced a great maſſacre, doubtleſs intended to be much greater, probably univerſal, of all the priſoners, perhaps of all the loyaliſts in Wexford. The victims were conducted in ſucceſſive parcels, of from ten to twenty, with horrible ſolemnity—each parcel ſurrounded by its guard of butchers, and preceded by a black flag marked with a white croſs to the place of execution, where they were variouſly put to death one after another, but moſtly each by four men at once, who ſtanding two before and two behind the victim, thruſt the

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pikes into the body, and raiſing it from the ground held it ſuſpended, writhing with pain, while any ſigns of life appeared. Some were ſlaughtered at the gaol, ſome at the market houſe, but the great butchery was on the bridge—a magnificent wooden fabric, ill adapted, from the beauty and gaiety of its appearance, for ſuch hideous exhibitions. As an entertaining ſpectacle, in fact, it ſeems to have been regarded by a multitude of wretches, the greater part women, aſſembled to behold it, who rent the air with ſhouts of exultation on the arrival of each freſh parcel of victims at the fatal ſpot. The wife of Thomas Dixon, a worthy aſſociate of ſuch a man, requeſted that the priſoners, inſtead of being ſlaughtered at the gaol, ſhould be conducted to the bridge for the purpoſe, that the people might have the *pleaſure* of ſeeing them. Dixon himſelf is ſaid to have prepared his immediate followers for their bloody work by whiſkey, and to have taken poſſeſſion of the town and gaol while the main body of the rebel garriſon was on its march againſt General Moore.

When ninety-ſeven men had been deliberately butchered in ſucceſſion, the ſlaughter, which had commenced at two o'clock in the afternoon, was ſuddenly ſtopped at ſeven, by the interference of Father Curran, and the annunciation of the alarming intelligence that the poſt of Vinegar-hill was beſet by the king's troops, and that reinforcements were required in that quarter. Father Curran having vainly ſupplicated the aſſaſſins to deſiſt, commanded them to pray before they ſhould proceed farther in the work of death; and having thus cauſed them to kneel, dictated a prayer *that God would ſhew the ſame mercy to them which they ſhould ſhew to the ſurviving priſoners.* The reſpite thus procured would have doubtleſs been ſhort, if the exhortations of the prieſt had not been aided by the news of danger, which was announced aloud by ſome perſon, ſaid to be Richard Monaghan, or Monck, arriving haſtily in the town, and which cauſed the multitude of ſpectators immediately to diſperſe. The ſurviving captives at the bridge were after a ſhort ſpace re-conducted to priſon by their guard, who ſwore that the next day neither man, woman, nor child, of the proteſtants in Wexford, ſhould be left alive.

Dr. Caulfield, the romiſh biſhop, ſucceeded, with apparently extreme difficulty, in his endeavours to reſcue from the aſſaſſins, Lord Kingſborough, colonel of the North-Cork regiment of militia, who had rendered himſelf particularly an object of hatred, at leaſt to the rebels, by actions, concerning the utility of which to the loyal party I ſhall not preſume to give judgement, but leave the deciſion to the loyaliſts of Wexford, who ſaw the example which he ſet, and the diſcipline which he maintained in the regiment.

Lord Kingſborough was conſidered by the rebel chiefs as a valuable hoſtage; and perhaps if they had fully availed themſelves of this advantage, ſome terms might have been obtained in their favour; though of the lives of hoſtages in general no account ſeems to have been made by the commanders of his majeſty's troops. The offers of ſurrendry tranſmitted by Captain M'Manus, and forwarded by General Moore to his ſuperior, were rejected by General Lake, who returned for anſwer that no terms could be granted to rebels in arms, but that the deluded multitude might have peace and protection when their arms and leaders ſhould have been delivered into his hands.

This deluded multitude would certainly have committed a tremendous maſſacre on the 21ſt of June, the day of General Moore's march toward Wexford, if they had not been perſuaded by their devoted leaders that conditions of ſurrendry would be obtained. For this purpoſe Lord Kingſborough, who on the occaſion entered into certain engagements in favour of the rebels, was liberated, made governor of the town, and charged with propoſals to be ſent to General Moore.

After the evacuation of Wexford by the main body of the rebels, Father Philip Roche, accompanied by three gentlemen of that denomination, met in his way out of town four men from the neighbourhood of Enniſcorthy, who ſaid that they were going into Wexford to put the priſoners to death, ſince others had not the courage to do it. While Roche with a drawn ſword commanded them to turn back without entering the town, and one of them with a blunderbuſs preſented at him, ſwore that none ſhould prevent them, the three gentlemen of Roche's company fled "from the wind of ſuch contention," leaving him to contend alone with the four murderers. After a furious altercation the matter was compounded. The murderers took a ſolemn oath (and an oath to a prieſt is peculiarly binding), that they would merely take a little refreſhment, and immediately quit the town without the perpetration of any miſchief.

Not therefore without reaſon were horrible apprehenſions entertained, concerning the danger of their friends in Wexford, by the loyaliſts in General Moore's camp; and Captain Boyd, whoſe amiable conſort, niece to the Earl of Courtown, together with all the reſt of his family, was in priſon, entreated the general to march without delay into the town to prevent the apprehended maſſacre, or to permit him to take a party of ſoldiers with him for the purpoſe. As the general, probably from a fear of the exceſſes which might be committed by the ſoldiery, who perhaps might not be eaſily reſtrained from licentious acts, in the execution of ſuch a meaſure, aſſented not to his requeſt, the captain at length ventured, at five o'clock in the afternoon, with only eight yeomen of his troop, to gallop into Wexford, and happily found it abandoned by the rebel forces, part of whom

had paſſed over the bridge to the eaſtern ſide of the river Slaney, and the reſt in an oppoſite direction into the barony of Forth. Thus to retreat, without further injury to the loyaliſts in their power, they had been induced by the management of ſome chiefs, particularly Mr. Keugh, who awaited the arrival of the king's troops, hoping doubtleſs that the ſervices rendered on this occaſion might procure him impunity. Detachments of the army ſoon following Captain Boyd, the ſurviving priſoners, to the number of about one hundred and forty, who had been miſerably fed with cows' heads and potatoes, were, to their inexpreſſible joy, ſet at liberty. What number had been maſſacred during the whole time of the rebels poſſeſſion, I cannot ſtate with accuracy, but I believe it to have amounted to one hundred and one.

(To be continued.)

An Eſſay in Vindication of a National Faſt.

IS this a day of trouble, of rebuke, of treading down, and of perplexity from the Lord? Is it a day of darkneſs and of gloomineſs, a day of clouds and of thick darkneſs, a day of terror and diſmay? Why does our gracious ſovereign proclaim a faſt through the Britiſh empire? Behold the king himſelf ſeeks the Lord; his princes and nobles worſhip by prayer and ſupplication, and all the people are covered with ſackcloth and aſhes! the ways of Britain do mourn; ſhe is in bitterneſs;—does the Lord God of Hoſts call to weeping, and to mourning, and to baldneſs, and to girding with ſackcloth?

Aſcend the tower of obſervation, look around, and behold the moral and political ſtate of this kingdom! It is true you behold a great people, but they have aboliſhed the old, virtuous, manly, national character, and exchanged it for one of an oppoſite complexion, a character which is ſhaded by irreligion, prophaneneſs, inſolence, pride, licentiouſneſs, faction, luxury, diſſipation, and effeminacy: you behold ſome degenerating more and more from the maxims of ſimplicity and integrity, adopting bad principles, enfeebling their bodies by vice and ſelf-indulgence, perverting their talents, waſting their time, and ſquandering their fortunes at the gaming table; and then, by an act of violence, and in the rage and fury of deſpair, renouncing their eternal hopes, quitting their poſt uncalled, and with madneſs ruſhing forth to meet their Judge.—Lo! that virtue which conſtitutes the excellency and dignity of the other ſex, which is to it protection and ornament, a robe and a diadem, in danger of being totally laid aſide, through fornication and adultery, while the courts are crowded with trials for criminal connection and for conjugal infidelity. You can diſcern an enormous and ſenſeleſs

luxury

luxury ſtill increaſing with the diſtreſſes of the times, and accompanied by a diſſipation, depriving its votaries of attention to all that is wiſe and juſt, great and good. You behold that monſter of iniquity, that traffic in human blood, commonly called the ſlave trade, which is an outrage upon every principle of religion, which afflicts the eye of humanity, and which agonizes the ſympathy of nature. You behold the inſtitutions of God forſaken, his ordinances neglected, his ſabbaths profaned, his ſacraments diſparaged, his temples deſerted, his miniſters deſpiſed, his religion torn in pieces by contending parties; and is there enough of it for each of us to take a little? What a ſcene for you to behold! Good God! what a ſcene for thee to behold! Wonder O Heaven, and be aſtoniſhed O earth!

Still ſtand upon the tower of obſervation, and the political ſtate of the country preſents you with a different ſcene, but no leſs afflictive in its kind. Here you behold that the nation has been engaged in a long ſeries of expenſive and ruinous wars, which have exhauſted its blood and treaſures, which have oppreſſed it by an accumulated and enormous load of debt; the very intereſt of which is diſcharged with difficulty, by all the variety of taxes and impoſts, that the powers of the moſt fertile imagination can preſcribe or even conceive: you behold the rebellion of Ireland, and what croſſes and difficulties we muſt endure to keep her in a ſtate of tolerable ſubjection: Is not this kingdom, at preſent, engaged in a juſt and neceſſary war, to repel the aggreſſion of France, to oppoſe a powerful and inveterate foe, who threatens to invade England, to extinguiſh her glory, to appropriate her commerce, and to eraſe her name from the face of the earth; and bye and bye it is very probable that the enemy will overſpread the ocean with their flotilla, approach the Britiſh coaſts with the vauntings of Egypt,—"I will purſue, I will overtake, I will divide the ſpoil."

Or if this war proves to be one of procraſtination and finance, each endeavouring to exhauſt the reſources of the other, it will be equally ruinous, for the conqueror, it is moſt likely, will fall breathleſs on the body of his antagoniſt, without either receiving or ſtriking a blow, after having ran each other out of breath. You may ſee that we are left alone in the conteſt, while the nations around us ſtand ſtill in ſilent amazement, waiting the event, and hoping to have a ſhare of the ſpoil. You may behold all the prognoſtics of an approaching ſtorm, it is black and terrific, ready to burſt and overwhelm this kingdom in utter ruin and deſtruction.

And after all, do you wonder that our illuſtrious ſovereign, by royal proclamation, ſhould appoint a national faſt and humiliation before Almighty God, to be obſerved in moſt devout and ſolemn manner, by ſending up our prayers and ſupplications to the divine Majeſty, for obtaining pardon for our ſins, and for

averting thoſe judgments which our manifold provocations have ſo richly deſerved? Do you deplore this misfortune or that accident, condemn this miniſter or that commander? rather lay the blame where it is due, upon national depravity, which calls down the judgments of Heaven: Do you regard a general and public faſt as irrational, ſuperſtitious, abſurd, and unavailing? Was the faſt obſerved at Nineveh unavailing? You know the threatening denounced and the deliverance granted to that great city: Was faſting and humiliation of no importance to Jehoſhaphat and his people? The Lord ſet his enemies to deſtroy each other, and the ſpoil which he gave Jehoſhaphat and to Judah, in riches and precious jewels, was more than they could carry away and gather together in three days: Does the prayer of a righteous man avail much? How prevalent muſt be the ſupplications of a whole nation, which cry to the Lord God with all their hearts? Do you know the rule of the divine procedure in this matter? "At what inſtant I ſhall ſpeak concerning a nation, and concerning a kingdom, to pluck up, and to pull down, and to deſtroy it: If that nation againſt whom I have pronounced turn from the evil, I will repent of the evil that I thought to do unto them."

But is Great Britain a nation of true penitents? Repentance does not conſiſt in obeying the authority of an earthly monarch, and going through the ſervices of the day appointed for a public faſt; or in imitating a moſt excellent example given from the throne, out of mere complaiſance; it does not conſiſt in a day for a man to afflict his ſoul, to bow down his head as a bulruſh, and to ſpread ſackcloth and aſhes under him: weeping, mourning, baldneſs, and girding with ſackcloth, are but the trappings of ſorrow, which will avail nothing without the correſpondent ſentiments of the heart. To what purpoſe confeſſion of ſin, if ſin be not forſaken? What avail incitements to converſion, if converſion do not follow upon them? Why ſubmit to medicine, if we intend to continue in thoſe irregularities, which firſt cauſed, and will ever perpetuate the diſorder? Our penitence is genuine, if we "waſh, make clean, put away the evil of our doings, ceaſe to do evil, learn to do well, ſeek judgment, relieve the oppreſſed, judge the fatherleſs, plead for the widow:" "If we looſe the bands of wickedneſs, undo the heavy burdens, let the oppreſſed go free, break every yoke, if we deal our bread to the hungry, and cover the naked," then our faſt and humiliation is acceptable to God, and the great end of providence is anſwered in ſending theſe calamities; we ſhall be reformed, pardoned, ſpared: O England, then ſhall thy light break forth as the morning, and thine health ſhall ſpring forth ſpeedily; and thy righteouſneſs ſhall go before thee, and the glory of the Lord ſhall be thy rere-ward; then ſhalt thou call,

and

and the Lord ſhall anſwer; then ſhall thy light riſe in obſcurity, and thy darkneſs ſhall be as the noon-day.

Righteouſneſs ſhall purge away all thy ſin and droſs, it will ſpread through the ſurrounding nations, and ſhortly it ſhall leaven the whole lump of mankind; pride, envy, hatred, wrath, malice, revenge, ſhall for ever ceaſe; we ſhall hear no more of cruelty and oppreſſion, of the criſis of wretchedneſs and miſery, of the wailings of individuals and nations in diſtreſs; we ſhall no longer ſee nations riſe up againſt nations, and kingdoms againſt kingdoms; for ſwords are turned into plowſhares and ſpears into pruning-hooks. Behold "the wolf dwell with the lamb, and the leopard lie down with the kid: the calf, and the young lion, and the fatling together, and a little child leads them: the cow and the bear feed, their young ones lie down together: and the lion eats ſtraw like the ox: and the ſucking child plays on the hole of the aſp, and the weaned child puts his hand on the cockatrice den. Behold the heavens from above drop down, and the ſkies pour down righteouſneſs: the earth open and bring forth ſalvation, and righteouſneſs ſpring up together." The world is become a paradiſe, peace extends through the earth, and her glory is like a flowing ſtream.

T. J.

Tiverton, November 1, 1803.

Sketch of the Monks of Erbach, in Germany.

[From Render's Tour through Germany.]

I Am inadequate to the taſk of deſcribing as I could wiſh the life of poverty, as it is called, which the monks lead in this convent. It is the richeſt in all Germany; and the traveller who viſits it is aſtoniſhed at the princely and luxurious life of its inhabitants. They have an excellent pack of hounds, with a ſtable of fine hunters; apartments magnificently furniſhed; a dozen of moſt beautiful ſinging girls; and their wine cellar excites the utmoſt aſtoniſhment. A coach and four might eaſily drive round in the cellar, and turn in it with the greateſt facility. The number of large full caſks is really amazing, each being about 17 or 18 feet in height. They have ſix fine billiard tables, which are contained in three large rooms; and beſides all this, an excellent band of muſicians. Their hoſpitality towards foreigners and ſtrangers is ſurpriſing, and a traveller ſcarcely meets with ſuch a reception in any other part of the globe. I call them fat monks, there being very few among them who do not weigh 16 or 18 ſtone, and ſeveral even exceed it. But it is at the ſame time equally ſurpriſing, how they keep the common people in ignorance. One inſtance ſhall ſuffice for

for the many which I saw. Before the dinner was served, to which we were invited by the prelate, we had sufficient time to take a walk in an adjacent wood, where the monks pretend to work miracles, and to which thousands of the people of distant roman catholic countries make pilgrimages annually. The palace in the wood, where these miracles are wrought, is called Hulse Gottes, *i. e.* "God's Help," (it ought to be called a place for deception and blasphemy). According to the legend, a small wooden crucifix of the Saviour was carelessly stuck in a hollow tree, where it remained for a long time, crying "God help me! God help me!" At length a friar came, and removed the cause of the piteous exclamation; since which the crucifix has performed innumerable miracles. Every pilgrim who pays a visit to it is obliged to bestow some donation; as a compensation for which he receives some picture or relic from the monks; by which means they accumulate a very large annual revenue. On our return, dinner was served. It consisted of two courses, each of about 32 covers; and a desert served up in a princely style. Every monk at Erbach has four bottles of the best wine for his daily allowance; and when they entertain strangers, they are allowed to drink *ad libitum*. Before we set off for Guisenheim, the prelate shewed us his private stables, magnificent carriages, and pack of hounds; it is not in my power to describe the luxurious life of these debauched hypocrites, suffice it to say, there are few princes able to cope with them.

ANECDOTES *of the late* MR. WILLIAM WOODFALL.

IN the month of September last died, in Queen-street, Westminster, after a week's illness, in his fifty-eighth year, Mr. William Woodfall, a celebrated journalist. He was early placed by his father under Mr. Baldwin, of Paternoster-row, to learn the art of printing; from whose house he went back to his father's office, and assisted in the printing and editing of a daily paper, entitled, "The Public Advertiser." Mr. Woodfall became so warm an amateur of the drama, that, in his younger years, to gratify his penchant for the stage, he made an excursion into Scotland, and performed several times for his own amusement in the company of a Mr. Fisher. He used to relate many pleasant anecdotes of this jaunt, the most fortunate event of which, however, was his marriage with a most amiable woman, with whom he returned to the metropolis about the year 1772, and then engaged himself as editor of "The London Packet."

From this he was called by the proprietors of "The Morning Chronicle" to the double station of printer and editor, which

he filled with much credit to himſelf until the year 1789, when he commenced a paper called "The Diary" on his own account.

Mr. Woodfall was the firſt writer who undertook to detail the reports of the debates in the two houſes of parliament on the night of the proceeding. Before his time, a very ſhort ſketch of the debate was all that the newſpapers attempted to give on the ſame night, and the more detailed reports were deferred to ſome ſubſequent day. Bleſt with a moſt retentive memory, Mr. Woodfall undertook the difficult taſk of giving a detail of the proceedings on the ſame night. Without taking a note to aſſiſt his memory, without the uſe of an amanuenſis to eaſe his labour, he has been known to write ſixteen columns, after having ſat in a crowded gallery for as many hours, without any interval of reſt. He even took no ſmall pride in this exertion, which, however, brought him it ſeems more praiſe than profit. It, indeed, inſenſibly wore down his conſtitution, which was naturally a good one, and, when other papers, by the diviſion of labour, produced the ſame length of details with an earlier publication, he reluctantly yielded the conteſt, and ſuffered his "Diary" to expire. Since that time he employed his talents in various publications. He ſought, in the decline of his life, to be appointed remembrancer of the city, an office for which he was allowed by all to be peculiarly qualified. But private friendſhips and ſuperior intereſt prevailed here over modeſt merit.

Mr. Woodfall poſſeſſed all the virtues of private life that can endear a man to ſociety, and was particularly diſtinguiſhed for his literary talents. His memory was uncommonly retentive: indeed, were it not for this quality, he would probably have riſen to affluence in a world upon which he certainly entered with a competence, but left in very humble circumſtances. Aided and incited, however, by this advantage, he explored a path hitherto unknown, and commenced and finiſhed a career of great but unprofitable labour. In this line he attained the higheſt degree of celebrity, as well for the fidelity of his report, as the quantity and rapidity of his execution.

In the year 1784 Mr. Woodfall was invited to Dublin, to report the debates upon the commercial propoſitions; at which time, ſo great was his fame, crowds followed him through the ſtreets, eager to catch a glimpſe of a man whom they conſidered as endowed with ſupernatural powers. Mr. Woodfall was alſo devoted to the belles lettres; and, as ſuch, was the intimate friend of Garrick, Goldſmith, Savage, &c. &c. He was ſo paſſionately fond of theatrical repreſentations as never to have miſſed the firſt performance of a new piece for the laſt forty years; and the public entertained ſo high an opinion of his taſte, that his criticiſms were generally deciſive of the fall or fortune of the piece and the performer.

Unfortunately

Unfortunately for himſelf and his family, Mr. Woodfall had placed all his hopes on a moſt precarious ſpecies of property; he became the proprietor of a newſpaper, which his talents, indeed, raiſed to eminence; but the talents of no individual could ſecure it a permanent ſtation upon that eminence. The paper unfortunately fell, and with it fell all his hopes. Though diſappointed, however, he was not to be diverted from his favourite purſuits. He was conſtant in his attendance at the bar of the houſe of lords, which he had viſited ſo lately as the 27th of laſt July.

Although far advanced in life, he was active, animated, and in full poſſeſſion of his mental faculties, without the appearance of any conſiderable decay of his phyſical ſtrength. To a large family entirely dependent upon his induſtry, his death is therefore an unexpected, deplorable, and truly calamitous event. As, however, the circle of his acquaintance was as wide as the circle of poliſhed life; as he was known by almoſt every man of rank, fortune, and literary acquirements in England; and as he was loved by many, and reſpected by all; it is hoped that a ſympathetic regard for the man will not be buried in his grave, but that it will ſurvive, and ſhew itſelf in acts of kindneſs to his diſtreſſed family.

AN ANECDOTE.

AT the laſt Guildhall dinner, after the ladies and the judges had retired, the ſheriffs' table became the ſcene of uncommon glee and feſtivity. After Dignum had ſung the ſong of "George and England ſave," Mr. Alderman Shaw was called upon for his toaſt. "I give (ſaid he) in my opinion, the *greateſt* man in this country, *Colonel* William Pitt, of the Cinque Port volunteers." This toaſt having paſſed of courſe, the next call was upon Mr. Sheridan. "I am happy (he ſaid) to ſee that all party is baniſhed from this place, and truſt that it may be ſo for ever; I ſhall therefore give you, in my opinion, the *honeſteſt* man in this country, *Private* Charles Fox, of the Chertſey volunteers." The toaſt thus pleaſantly introduced was drank with acclamation.

REFLECTIONS.

A Good character is like a gameſter's money, very difficult to keep; and when loſt, ſtill more difficult to regain.

Beauty, like truth, is the moſt ſplendid when leaſt incumbered.

REMARKS *on* HUMOUR.

OF all kinds of writing, there is none on which a variety of opinions is ſo common as in thoſe of *humour*, as perhaps there is no word in our language of which men have, in general, ſo vague and indeterminate an idea. To ſpeak very plainly, it may be doubted whether the greater part of mankind have any idea at all in their heads, when this word drops (perhaps accidentally) from their tongue. The worſt, and, perhaps, the moſt prevailing abuſe of humour is that which the lower orders of people are too apt to indulge in, and which conſiſts of a ſtrange mixture of indecency and irreligion, and has a moſt pernicious effect on their morals. The attempt at wit is, however, a very poor apology for wickedneſs.

Copy of an Inſcription placed in Badminton Church, in Glouceſterſhire, in Honour of Lady Caroline Iſabella Somerſet.

IN the adjoining vault are depoſited the remains of
CAROLINE ISABELLA SOMERSET,
Third Daughter of the Right Hon. Lord Charles Henry Somerſet, ſecond Son of Henry, fifth Duke of Beaufort, who departed this Life the 19th of Auguſt, 1800, aged three Years, ſeven Months, and ten Days. In Memory of whom, her diſconſolate Parents, deeply ſenſible of their irreparable Loſs, yet dutifully ſubmiſſive to the Divine Will, and in humble Confidence that their dear Child is reſerved for a far happier State, have cauſed this Inſcription to be here placed.

If e'er ſharp ſorrow from thine eyes did flow;
If e'er thy boſom felt another's woe;
If e'er fair beauty's charms thy heart did move;
If e'er the offſpring of thy virtuous love
Bloom'd to thy wiſh, or to thy ſoul was dear,
This plaintive marble aſks thee for a tear:
For here, alas! too early ſnatch'd away,
All that was lovely death has made his prey.
No more her cheeks with crimſon roſes vie,
No more the diamonds ſparkle in her eye;
Her breath no more with balmy ſweets can boaſt!
Alas! that breath with all its ſweets are loſt!
Pale now thoſe lips, where bluſhing rubies hung,
And mute the charming muſic of her tongue!
Round her, ye angels! conſtant vigils keep,
And guard, fair innocence! her ſacred ſleep,
'Till that bright morn ſhall wake the beauteous clay
To bloom and ſparkle in eternal day.

Anſwer, by A. Kyne, Jun. of Dartmouth, to T. Rutger's Charade, inſerted the 3d of October.

WHEN gay Pomona ſpreads her luſcious train
You'll ſee the DAMSON on the fruitful plain.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from W. N. Vincent, of St. Auſtle; W. Gifford, of South Petherton; W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; T. Bullock, of St. Columb; J. Chubb, of Everſhot; E. R. Bickham, of Newton Buſhel; and W. Carter, at Mr. Quant's ſchool, Everſhot.

Anſwer, by T. Bullock, of St. Columb, to the Charade, inſerted October 3.

ITS good-natured BEDFORD, when over his bowl,
That drinks, "friends, your health," to each free-hearted ſoul.

†§† We have received the like anſwer from W. N. Vincent, of St. Auſtle; W. Seaward, of Ottery; W. Gifford, of South Petherton; W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; T. Rutger, of Clowance; J. Chubb, of Everſhot; E. R. Bickham, of Newton Buſhel; W. Carter, at Mr. Quant's ſchool, Everſhot; W. Row, of Wellington; A Kyne, jun. of Dartmouth; J. Rouſell, of Lopen; and G. H. of Stoke Abbot.

Anſwer, by W. Row, of Wellington, to J. Huddy's Enigma, inſerted October 3.

THE CLOCK doth faithfully diſplay
How ſwift our time doth paſs away.

† We have received the like anſwer from W. Seaward, and J. Channon, of Ottery; A Kyne, jun. of Dartmouth; J. Rouſell, of Lopen; W. P. N. Vincent, of St. Auſtell; W. Seaward, of Ottery; T. Prout, of Mevagiſſey; W. Gifford, of South Petherton; P. Ninnis, of St. Auſtell; T. Rutger, of Clowance; T. Smith, Ivybridge; T. Bullock, St. Columb; W. Carter, at Mr. Quant's ſchool, Everſhot; and E. R. Bickham, of Newton Buſhel.

An ANAGRAM, *by E. R. Bickham, of Newton Buſhel.*

INGENIOUS youths, a vowel firſt premiſe;
And next a horſe that's of the ſmaller ſize;
A beaſt well-known, gents. laſtly muſt be told,
Theſe rightly join, you'll then my my whole unfold;
Pray do not heſitate it to declare,
For on this page it oft-times doth appear.

A CHARADE, *by Thomas Routh.*

VIEW yonder bloody field where carnage reigns,
Behold my firſt upon the hoſtile plains!
Where dying groans, triumphant ſhouts ariſe,
And thund'ring cannon rend the boundleſs ſkies;
Thro' fancy's optic ſee ten thouſand ſlain,
And ſtreams of blood run foaming to the main.
Without my next our feeble frames would fall
A lifeleſs maſs on this terreſtrial ball;
Cement both parts, and quickly you'll reveal
What I've endeavour'd feebly to conceal:
Chriſt's faithful followers in my whole engage,
While paſſing o'er time's tranſitory ſtage.

POETRY.

SONG, *by* CAPTAIN MORRIS.

WHILE deeds of Hell deface the world,
And Gallia's throne in ruin lies,
While round the world revolt is hurl'd,
And diſcord's baneful banner flies,
Loud ſhall the loyal Briton ſing
To arms! to arms! your bucklers bring,
To ſhield our country, guard our king
And George and England ſave.

Ne'er ſhall the deſolating woe,
That ſhades with horror Europe o'er,
To us his hideous image ſhew,
Or ſteep in blood this happy ſhore:
Firm as our rock-bound iſle we'll ſtand,
With watchful eye, and iron hand,
To wield the might of Britain's land,
And George and England ſave.

While wide the threat'ning frenzy burns,
And proſtrate nations mourn its rage,
Sternly his eye the Briton turns
To Edward's and to Henry's page:
As o'er their conquering urn he ſighs,
Touch'd by their fame's proud fire, he cries,
"Thus o'er our foes we'll ever riſe,
"And George and England ſave."

Oft fancy views them on the deep,
And turning, as their ſquadrons roll,
Where great Eliza's aſhes ſleep,
With triumph fills the Briton's ſoul.
As Drake and Raleigh catch the glance:
"Advance!" he cries, "raſh fools,
"advance!
"The grave of Spain ſhall ope for
"France,
"And George and England ſave."

What prompts theſe reſtleſs foes of life
To dare our dreaded arms again?
What, but the hope that party ſtrife
Has broke Britannia's ſhield in twain?
But know they not, when France is near,
The *war of tongues* is ſilent here,
That ALL may graſp Britannia's ſpear,
And George and England ſave.

Ne'er in the pinch of Britain's fate,
Shall ſtateſmen's rival feuds be known,
Or faction ſtrive, with thwarting hate,
To break the Britiſh bulwark down:
No: round the altar of our land,
Link'd in one ſoul, the Britiſh band
Shall firm in ſacred union ſtand,
And George and England ſave.

Tho' moral order ſink to ground,
Tho' all the virtues trodden lie,
Tho' fury tear the nations round,
And blood and rapine fill each eye,
Ne'er ſhall the ſtorm here turn its flight,
While Britiſh hearts at home unite
To guide our thoughts, to guard our right,
And George and England ſave.

O! happy iſle! wiſe ordered ſtate!
Well-temper'd work of freedom's hand!
No ſhock of realms can touch thy fate,
If union bind thy ſea-girt land:
Vainly the ſtorms ſhall round thee ring,
While Britain's ſons in concord ſing,
"We'll ſhield our country, guard our
"king,
"And George and England ſave!"

THE VILLAIN,—MAN.

Spoken by a Mother to her infant Daughter.

THY reſt is mild, my darling child,
Thy viſions bright, thy pillow ſmooth,
And ſweet the ſmile, that plays the while,
And dimples round thy coral mouth.
But not ſo mild, my darling child,
Will be thy reſt—it never can!
If e'er you prove, like me, the love,
And friendſhip of the villain, man.

Yet be thy reſt, thy viſions bleſt,
Bleſt, tho' with grief I ſigh ſincere;
Tho' oft theſe ſighs for thee ariſe,
Oft mingles with thy milk a tear.
Oh! could my breaſt thy bed of reſt
For ever be, that I might fan
In thine, thoſe fires that Heav'n inſpires,
And ſhield thee from the villain, man!

It

It makes me ſigh, to think that I
Could once have ſlept as ſound as thee,
And ſadly weep, to think that ſleep
Shall never more my portion be.
To win my love thy father ſtrove,
And veil'd with ſeeming truth his plan;
But, ah! betray'd, a witleſs maid—
The villain! Oh! the villain,—man!

And thus with art, child of my heart!
Will he diffuſe the lying ſmile,
And call each prayer, the gods to hear,
And thy unpractis'd heart beguile.
Wait not to prove, child of my love!
Wait not his proffer'd vows to ſcan;
Be thine to fly, or you will ſigh,
And curſe, like me, the villain,—man,

To deſerts wild, my darling child!
Be thine with innocence to fly;
And like the buds that gem the woods,
Bloom only to the vernal ſky.
Soft ling'ring there, with tender care,
Thy mother's ſpirit oft ſhall fan
Thoſe holy fires, that Heaven inſpires,
And guard thee from the villain,—man!

On a PIECE *of* BLANK PAPER.

FAIR, ſpotleſs leaf, thou emblem pure
Of innocence, beware!
Nor think thy beauty too ſecure,
'Tis dangerous to be fair.

To wit obſcene, and impious jeſt,
Thou art too much expos'd;
Give truth poſſeſſion of thy breaſt,
Or be for ever cloſ'd.

Some wanton hand may ſcrawl thee o'er,
And blot thy virgin face,
And whiteneſs, deem'd thy praiſe before,
May turn to thy diſgrace.

Oh! give me then thy faultleſs page,
Ere yet foul ſtain be drank;
On virtue's ſide with me engage,
Nor leave for vice a blank.

By thee ſhall idle vacant hearts
This uſeful moral learn—
That unemploy'd, the brighteſt parts
To vice and folly turn.

By thee ſhall innocence be taught
What dangers wait on youth,
Unleſs with early precepts fraught,
And prepoſſeſs'd with truth.

By thee ſhall beauty learn to yield
To real worth her charms:
For virtue, tho' an ample ſhield,
But incompletely arms.

To SYBILLA, *on her* BIRTH-DAY.

AGAIN the month and happy morn,
Again the hour that gave thee birth,
In revolution glad return
To fill the glowing heart with mirth.

Again I ſee thy beauties riſe
Superior o'er each rival fair;
Thy blooming cheeks, thy ſparkling eyes,
And ringlets of looſe flowing hair.

May knowledge grace thy early age,
And all the gentler paſſions join'd,
Love, pity, joy—all, all engage
To ſoften and to form thy mind.

And firſt, may pure unſpotted love,
Pure, even as are thy virgin charms,
Within thy tender boſom move,
And kindle there its ſoft alarms.

For love can teach the heart to glow,
Can teach it gently to expand;
Love is the ſoil where virtues grow,
Love can the nobleſt joys command.

Still may the ſeaſons as they roll,
And re-produce thy natal day,
With nobler graces fill thy ſoul,
And guide thy ſteps in virtue's way.

Still may I ſee thy charms excel,
Superior ſtill thy beauties ſhine;
May ſweetneſs in thy boſom dwell,
And every gentler grace be thine.

So when thy noon of age ſhall come,
Tho' beauty's charms may fade away,
Thy growing virtues yet ſhall bloom,
Thy charms of truth ſhall ne'er decay.

Epitaph on a Linnet, preſſed to Death while cutting its Talons.

BENEATH this rude, unſculptur'd ſtone,
A hapleſs warbler reſts his head;
Reader, repreſs the ſtruggling groan,
Nor ſigh to leave him with the dead.

Born to enjoy as well as thee,
And guiltleſs as th' unſpotted breaſt;
His days were peace and gaiety,
And every cloſing night was reſt.

But ah! in vain he rais'd his ſong,
With callous heart and jaundic'd eye
A tyrant plann'd the mighty wrong,
Robb'd him of life and liberty.

M. N.